

## THE SAM JONES MEETINGS.

FRANKLIN-STREET TABERNACLE CROWDED WITH PEOPLE.

Three Sermons a Day—Original Oratory in the Rough—The Revivalist Says the Saloons of Richmond Must Go—The Singing.

Rev. Samuel P. Jones, the revivalist, began his services in Richmond by preaching at the Broad Street Methodist Church Sunday morning. He preached from Phillips' *Psalms*, fourth chapter, eighth verse, "Think of These Things." There was the usual Sunday morning congregation at the church when the service began, but the report that Sam Jones was to preach soon spread, and before he had finished the edifice was crowded.

Mr. Jones held two services in the Franklin-street Tabernacle Sunday at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and at 8 at night. The singing was, at both meetings, led by Mr. E. O. Exell, who is the author of "Triumphant Songs," one of the meetings, the All the Service on service Sunday the clergy of the Methodist and Baptist churches were well represented. Although a large crowd of people was present, the large tabernacle was very poor, but good, and Mr. Jones delivered one of his characteristic sermons, dwelling particularly on the preachers—what they should do and where their efforts could best be directed.

At night fully eight thousand people gathered at the Tabernacle, Mr. John E. Massley led in prayer, and Mr. Exell sang "The Judgment Day." Mr. Jones' text at this meeting was, "How I Saved a Man from Hell." The audience, twenty-fourth chapter, fifteenth verse.

## YESTERDAY'S SERVICES.

Yesterday three services were held—at 10 A.M., at 3 P.M., and at 8 P.M. A large crowd was in attendance at all three meetings. At night ten thousand people were present. The song-service began about 7:30, one of the songs being "Down on the Tuna of 'Down on the Suwanee River.'

## CALLED TO ORDER.

Dr. Garland, who is the presiding elder of the Methodist Church of the Richmond district, and chairman of the committee who has the Sam Jones meetings in charge, called the vast assembly to order, and Dr. Goodwin, of the West Methodist, and Dr. Clark, called in prayer. Mr. Jones, who arrived just before Dr. Goodwin prayed, averted his eyes.

Let the sinners pass around the basket, and as I said last night, the committee has expended about \$2,000 in the expenses of the meetings, and we are ready to help their fellow-citizens pay the debt. Poor and rich, everybody. If you are a poor man or woman, come to the Tabernacle, and if you are rich and the committee, but to those people who have something, and don't want to give but a copper cent, say, "I am poor, but I have a home to warm, I have a woman riding up here in her carriage and putting in a copper cent."

As soon as the collection had been taken up, Mr. E. O. Exall sang a bass solo, "The Beautiful Country," from the Triumphant Hymn-Book. SERMON BEGAN.

Mr. Jones then began saying: "I want to tell you people that although I have not been preaching for money, but to you, I wish you would tell your friends to come up here every night. There are two sets of people in this city, and one set of colored people and poor white people. Some of the best friends I've got are colored, and my best neighbors are colored people. These colored people have been raised up among us, and it is our privilege to let them down, but I am not a lover of social equality, for there are a great many white men in this city that I would not associate with. If I white men want to associate with colored men let them do it, and if a colored man wants to him do it, I don't care what's all."

TALKING VERBALLY.

I want to tell you people that although I appreciate what the press has done and is doing, I want to say that some of the papers don't report me verbatim. One paper states that I told the preachers on the platform, yesterday, [Sunday] that they were not preaching for money, but if I told them that they were not preaching for money, but if you were stopped you would have to quit. The old hard shell Baptist struck in pretty hard, when he said we were not preaching for money but if he doubled the salary he could buy us off. He did not strike the mark exactly, but he came very near it.

LEPROSY DEPICTED.

He began by depicting the horrors of leprosy, and commented on the sin of the human heart. He also told of a snake bite that kills a person by inches. This he also compared to the conscience of man.

Half the whisky drunk in this city is consumed by the church members. Half the whisky is consumed by the colored men. The only way to get rid of saloons of the city of Richmond is to take away the demijohns from the deacons and stewards of the church.

Talk about being priesthood! There is hardly a preacher in this country that can be beat. Here, on though, you can't ride. It follows come around trying to ride me, when he puts his foot in the stirrup and the dust clears away, he will see me standing by the trough with one of his "gallows" strapped around my leg.

PROGRESSIVE EUCHÉE.

You sit in your home and play progressive euchre, you know that you can play for a king and some decoys or steward wins the prize, and all take part as are much gamblers as the fellow who deals out at faro. You preachers back of me say "Amen."

I want to set up this city on the liquor question. The saloons in this city are as thick as lamp posts. If I would go down town to-night and get drunk, it would be telegraphed all over the country. Sam Jones drunk in Richmond? No.

The difference between Major J. H. Dooley and the River View Railroad Company, caused by the company extending its track through Major Dooley's lots, has been settled, the railroad company agreeing to move.

The old saloon on the horse-car road has been renamed. Main-street cars now run from Fulton to Lombardy street, and Broad-street cars pursue their course to Hollywood.

A sneak thief stole a gold-headed cane and a straw hat, worth \$100, at 5 west Main street, at 5 west Main street, Sunday night.

Two shifting engines came together in the Richmond and Alleghany depot yard yesterday morning, and their tenders burst. The engine which let his congeatation their way to hell is sworn by every day by the devil.

A man in a number of our towns with a burning black pony. Soon after they had a raffle and little Johnnie came along and won the horse. But Father saw Johnnie and told him to get down; mother and sister told him to get down. But no, Johnnie would ride, and he did. And his horse ran like the devil and was crushed to death.

When the hard-shelled Baptists split and jumped from the other churches they fell in the creek, and they have been there ever since."

COULD NOT STOP.

Mr. Jones next illustrated the "point of honor" which was not being able to stop in their sinful course." His illustration was a locomotive with air-brakes, and he was listened to with great interest.

Continued: "A preacher that came up in this town for two months and met no mention saloons ought to resign. The preacher who lets his congregation their way to hell is sworn by every day by the devil.

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